

THE WEATHER.

For Boston and vicinity: Probably light rain to-night; Thursday generally cloudy; somewhat colder Thursday; light westerly winds.

High water: 11:41 a.m.

HEARST'S

BOSTON AMERICAN

THE TWENTY-CENTURY NEWSPAPER

NIGHT EDITION

10 PAGES

AND NEW YORK JOURNAL

10 PAGES

VOL. 1—No. 216.

WEDNESDAY

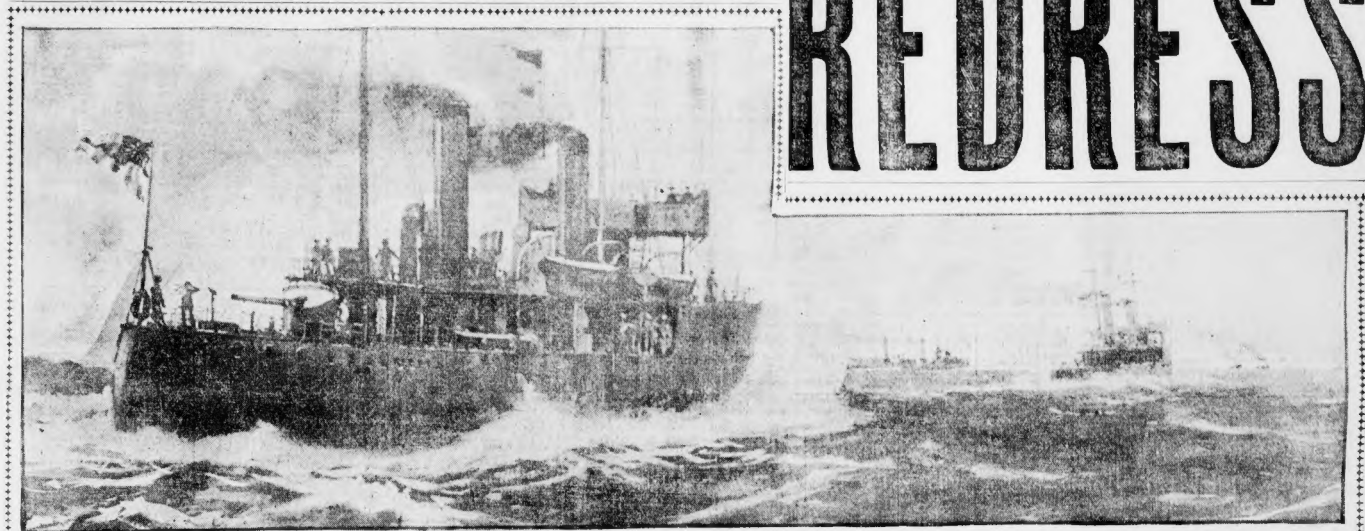
BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1904.

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WEDNESDAY

PRICE ONE CENT.

BRITISH ULTIMATUM SENT TO THE CZAR RUSSIA PROMISES REPLY



NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BRITISH CHANNEL FLEET, PRIDE OF THE ENGLISH NAVY, UNDER WAY IN THE RECENT MANOEUVRES

DETECTIVE POLICE PROBE SHOOTING OF BOY OF 9 BROKERS' ASSETS \$550,000 LIABILITIES OF \$298,000

BELIEVE BULLET THAT HIT YOUNG MORROW WAS INTENDED FOR ANOTHER.

Special to the Boston American.
DIEDHAM, Oct. 26.—The police are investigating the mysterious shooting today of nine-year-old Frank Morrow, of East Boston, by some unknown marksmen, who is believed by the officers to have aimed at an Italian boy who was standing near young Morrow at the time. They are looking for the Italian boy who was near the church lawn, Milton street, East Dedham. A revolver bullet struck his right arm, making a deep furrow and passing through the coat sleeve on the opposite side. Morrow is weak from loss of blood, but will recover.

FIND PLOT IN PICKLE POISON MYSTERY

Special to the Boston American.
AMHERST, Oct. 26.—The police are arrested today, for the first time, the distribution of poisoned pickles in a race among seven boarding houses, which resulted in the poisoning of Mrs. Currier. The working out of a well-defined poison plot, they are working on clues which they expect to develop something startling within twenty-four hours.

VOLUNTARY PETITION IN BANKRUPTCY FOLLOWS COLTON SUSPENSION.

Frank R. Colton, of the Boston and New York banking and brokerage firm of F. R. Colton & Co., Braintree building, where failure on the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York was announced yesterday, filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy today. The liabilities are \$298,000. The assets are \$550,000. The petition is filed in the name of Frank R. Colton and not in that of the firm of F. R. Colton & Co.

BAPTISTS HEAR ANNUAL SERMON

The annual sermon was preached today by Rev. J. H. Spear at the Baptist church in the First Baptist Church building. The real business of the conference here that, in spite of the desire for a quiet closing address by Rev. J. H. Spear, which was the subject of the reports of officers will be heard, and an extensive discussion of missionary work will complete the session.

Reply to Note of Protest in Case of Fishermen Slain by Baltic Fleet Causes More Delay, and British Wrath Is Not Allayed—No Report From Russian Admiral.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, has conveyed to the British Government official assurances of Russia's regret at the sinking of a British trawler and the killing and wounding of British fishermen in the North Sea by the Russian Baltic fleet, with promise of full reparation as soon as official report is received from Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky.

This is Russia's reply to Great Britain's demand. It does not in any way change the status of the case. It but extends indefinitely the delay at which the English people are already chafing. And while Russia is waiting, or pretending to wait, for Rojestvensky's report, England is preparing for war.

FLEETS ARE MOBILIZING

The Paris correspondent of the Pail Mail Gazette learns that the British note placed a time limit on the time for the punishment of the guilty officers, at the expiration of which England is prepared to exact punishment in another way.

ANXIOUS FOR WAR.

The Russian bureaucracy is anxious for war. And it is the belief in official circles here that, in spite of the desire for a peaceful settlement of the North Sea incident, which animates the British Government and the Czar of Russia, the fighting upon British territory by the Russian fleet, resulting in the sinking of one trawler and the killing and wounding of British fishermen, will be a cause of war.

JOE GANS'S FIGHTING FACE AND SOME OF HIS RING TACTICS AS SEEN BY CARTOONIST TAD



AND JOE GAN

CARTOONIST TAD SIZES UP JIM BRITT AND JOE GANS

think that the colored boy will be
and Brett will tear him through. An
week will tell.

Gans a Fight Wonder.

BY TAD.

Joe Gans, lightweight champion of the world, meets Jimmy Britt in San Francisco

Think that the colored boy will be right and Britt will hear him through. Another week will tell.

Gans a Fight Wonder.

Who or lose this fight, sports will talk of Joe Gans as the greatest man weight that ever donned a glove. He certainly showed himself to be a

Real Scrap, Not Love Match.
Guns and Britt have been dickering over a fight for the past two years, and there is certainly no love floating around the

champion. Jeff has an advantage to start over his opponents, and a man I give this away in order to meet him. of them are as big as Jeff, in the first and even though they may be, there

333 pounds ringside. This, Gans said, was too light for him, and he tried to force Britt to meet him at 135 pounds, the weight which Gans fought Erne at when he won the title. Britt would not change his original challenge one bit, and stuck to 125.

Britt Up Against It.

Britt has never met a man who classes with Gans as a fighter. Canole was the cleverest boy Britt met, and he stayed the limit with the fustian. With Williams and

Past records may be good in this and may not be. Gans never fought a weight before in his life, and was

If you can do with a strong, rugged fellow like Britt at 133 pounds, ringside, is the position which has the sports going.

GARDNER HOT

THE OFFICE BOY

80 AND 81 SUMMER ST. BOSTON. OCTOBER 23. 1794

An intelligent reader, William Winters, writes concerning a recent steel trust and other trust ruling. This ruling—now a part of steel trust management, and one that will doubtless spread to all the other trusts—declares formally that no man over forty shall be hired by the trust—in some instances no man over thirty-five.

Such a rule means that the trusts purpose to conduct their business and the treatment of their employes with the frank brutality and the love of the highest possible profit which mark their dealings with customers. The young man is to be permitted to give them the best years of his life, the oldest men can go elsewhere—to the poorhouse, for all the trust cares.

This ruling appears to me to be a blow at trade unions. For instance, the man who is now in the employ of the Trust Steel, even though he be over forty, will be rejected, but none over thirty-five, or in some instances thirty, will be hired. Suppose a strike should be called in use of these mills. The men beyond the age limit would be shut out forever, in the event of a thirty-five year-old man giving place to a younger man for taking them back. A large majority of the workers, perhaps, are beyond this age, so there is where the trust rules have the upper hand. They put the men in a position where they will have to accept their unjust decrees or get out for all time. This, while seemingly giving employers a strange help, would, in case of a strike, make the situation very serious for the men. It is a cruel and would finally react on the trust owners themselves. What do you think of it?

But, as often happens in this world, wolfish cunning does not see quite far enough. The trusts themselves will suffer as a result of this neatly invented law, and just strikes will not, by any means, be made impossible.

A recent strike of printers in a New York newspaper that tried to run on a scab basis illustrated the fact that the fear of losing work permanently does not deter conscientious trade unionists. Many of the printers on that particular newspaper were very old men—some of them had helped start the paper by buying stock in it before the owner got rich and thought that scab labor was good enough for him. These old men were slow, their best days were gone—caution, selfishness, told them to put up with whatever might come and cling to their job. The old men, white haired, with no prospect of finding good work elsewhere, walked out in a body. And a great many of them are out yet, and will be out until the time comes for them to walk out of this particular struggle finally.

These men knew that when they went out on a strike they were giving up forever the chance of making a good living. But they went out, and, although they have been very poor since, they manage to stand it somehow. The paper failed in its effort to run a scab printing office. It has been unionized. Union men are working in it, for decent union wages—even if they are occasionally compelled to set up editorials that lie about the unions. And the old men that lost their places find sufficient comfort in the knowledge that through them honest wages won another victory, and that in that particular office men will be decently paid and treated as American workmen should be years from now, when the old strikers doubtless will be gone.

The Steel Trust and the other trusts that try to frighten men out of their rights by telling them that they cannot work after forty will find several surprises in store for them. A man has courage, or he has not. If he has it, you can't scare it out of him.

The order against the man of forty, by causing the man of forty to think a little more earnestly about the trust question, will hasten the trust's destruction in the only possible way—THROUGH GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP. It will not destroy or weaken any just labor movement.

"YANKEE" COMES TO THE DEFENCE OF RUSSIA.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:
In reply to Max Goldberg's question "Can we, as citizens of the United States, etc., look upon the Czar and his country with one iota of respect?" I would say that I am a citizen of the United States, a native of Massachusetts and have no connection whatever with Russia or the Russians. Nevertheless, it gives me great pleasure to say that I respect and admire the Czar of

The Czar is a modest, peace-loving man, who has been continually maligned and misrepresented. He founded the universal peace movement, and he has been the least to avoid the war with Japan, and when he saw that war was inevitable he broke down and shed tears. Russia acquired Manchuria and Port Arthur and the right to build the Manchurian railway treaty and purchase from China in times of peace. Then, after spending millions for the railroads, docks, fortifications, etc., Japan invaded and captured her. Russia resolved to stand on her rights and have done otherwise would have been a sign of insanity. **XANKED.**



"ME AND MY BOSS"

THINGS YOU SOMETIMES SEE



A Critical Moment.

THE WEAKER SEX



It must be awful, Katie, ter be an' not able to cuss nor chew nor see fight nor nothing!

NOTHING GROWING



THE GIRL—I guess you're miss Willie; I can't see de least sign

A USEFUL BIRD



FARMER MONKEY—I tell

Legend of Gasolene like

By James Montague

In the land of the Sioux lived a Motorist, who was referred to as Gasoline Ike, and who came East to show the Bostonese along what a Wild Western Wonder was like. "A Motor car race," he observed, "will take place to-morrow right in the Back Bay. If there's talk of arrest—well, I'm from the West, and there'll sure be some shooting that day."



The gray of the dawn filtered mistily on
The region around Copley Square.
When the cop on the street heard the pulsating beat
Of a motor a-throb on the air.
Like a comet on high reels of space through the sky,
On some fatalistic errand,
Came Gasoline Ike, up the asphalted pike,
And shot out the lights as he went.

The library by, with a terrible cry,
The Wild Western motorist flew;
Up broad Boylston street, where the trolley cars meet,
White ten cars fell in line to pursue.
On into the park, through the shadowy gray,
With a back to the wall and a draw,
Lay the far-encased parts of the weapons and carts
That had luckily chanced in his way.

And as he sped on over garden and lawn
Most blood-curd'ing things he would shout;
Like the roar that is made by a fierce cannonade
His ten-twelve six-shooters rang out.
And those who sought rest along Corey Hill's crest,
Or Huntington across the river,
Cracked under the bed as the rails of lead
Came crashing their front windows through.
Perusing a book beside Frosty Brook
Was a quiet, demure little cap.
Who saw from afar Isaac's cyclonic car,
And stood in the road and said "Stop!"
"Stand back or I'll shoot!" shouted Ike, and "Toot-
Toot!" belched forth from his automobile.
But the man who caught the car would slay and thrust
His knife through the spokes of one wheel.



Out Franklin Park way it rained all that day
Ignition coils, levers and springs,
While all over town for a week drifted down
Carbureters and other queer things.
Old Boston is slow; it has no way to know
What a Wild Western Wonder is like;
But the folks on the plains some day when it rains
Still hope to greet Gasoline Ike.

Little Editorials from the People

HOW MR. GULBMAN OBTAINED THE LION AND UNICORN FROM THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Seeing the article in your paper con-

[illegible]

AN APPEAL TO FATHERS AND
MOTHERS TO FIGHT THE
DIVORCE EVIL.
Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I would like to say a few words to the fathers and mothers of this glorious country about the divorce bill. I want to stand up like men and women and defend our homes, defend holy matrimony that makes husband and wife inseparable, the family that God has given us, and when we sustain and His army make the attack, let true men and women be ready for the fray. As they would if a woman got divorced, the nation. The first and most important thing we do is for all to make their own husbands pure and happy, and if trouble comes from husbands and wives to face it and fight it together. If this were done, there would be no divorce bill. We would have little about the divorce problem.

NOW, WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT!



For chronic automaniacs
There are three rules, to wit:

Be sure you're right
Before you go ahead:

Remember not to cross a bridge
Before you come to it.

And never to say die
Until you're dead